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Congo News Letter

JULY 1953

CONGO NEWS LETTER

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Editor

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RETROSPECT

Dear God, Forgive I did not fight
To rescue that which I thought right.
I meekly nodded yes and then
Gave up and would not try again.

I trusted men and did not hope
To sway their minds, enlarge their scope
Of sight with plans I knew were good.
Instead of charging, still I stood.

Again I failed to understand
That I could trust more to Thy hand,
Could know Thy will, and then indeed
Go conquer, following in Thy lead.

Tomorrow, Lord, teach me to turn
To Thee. May courage in me burn
That no more may I fail my task.
More faith, Lord, That is all I ask.

— EMILY KEYES.

OF EVERY TRIBE

P. J. UHLINGER

MUHOLO Muhongi was excited. This was the day when all of the strangers were to gather at Boko. As chief of the village on whose land the mission station was located, he must go and pay his respects. It must be a gathering of some importance, for his people had been taking bananas, peanuts, extra manioc and sleeping mats to sell at the mission. So it was that the chief and several of the village elders, after walking the four miles to Boko, slipped in and took seats in the back of the converted workshop being used for the opening session of the 1953 *Mbundani*. Looking around cautiously, the chief noticed more white people than he had ever seen in one group. But they were sitting among strange Africans from other tribes. By their facial markings and general appearance he thought he recognized a few of the neighbouring *Basuku*. The man who was speaking to the group was surely a *Mukongo*, but for the rest, they must have come from the other side of the Inzia or from the down-river country of the Wamba.

Yes, this was a strange meeting to the primitive Muyaka chief. He could understand only snatches of the Kikongo language being used, and he could understand even less of the ideas being discussed; the problems confronting the native church, how the mission schools could be improved and enlarged to meet the growing needs of education, and how the established rules concerning Christian marriage and reception of Christians from other missions should be applied.

The reports presented by the delegates from our eight Congo stations were both encouraging and challenging. From the oldest station at Banza Manteke came word that many are coming back into the church after being led away by the recent *Kinkukusa* movement. The delegate from Kimpese gave a stirring appeal for candidates to enter the theological course at E.P.I. in order that we may have leaders for tomorrow's church. "How can the church meet the challenge from growing secularism and organized competitive religious groups" was the question from Sona Bata. From

Leopoldville the story was of facilities of church, school and dispensary being used to the bursting point in that teeming center of population. Causing some of the delegates from the older stations to take special notice, was the report from Moanza of regular aid being sent by the older churches to weaker areas. A rather discouraging story from Boko of indifference and lethargy on the part of the church was not accepted as being complete, and so a postscript was added of new effort from this most recent station and of new results in the hearts of men in parts of the field. Lay-leadership has been the recent emphasis in the Kikongo field and has met with heart-warming response from some who attended the retreats. The Vanga church was compared to a strong full-blooded deer, growing and able to hold his own in the forest, but who is being constantly pursued by the hunting dogs, and not alowed to lie down and rest.

In a Congo conference parliamentary procedure is as foreign as plush seats and carpeted floors, and Roberts Rules of Order have not been translated either into the Kikongo language or into the thinking of Congo leaders. However, in spite of the endless discussion on topics as varied as the advisability of the Sona Bata church's buying a truck or the comparison of marriage practices in the U.S. and the Congo, there were forward steps taken in the development of the Congo church. The very fact that the delegates realized that there were serious problems confronting the church, and that the solution to these problems lay with them and not with the missionaries only, is a sign of growth of what some day will be the Congo Baptist Convention. A significant resolution was passed on facing up to our responsibility of occupying the unreached areas in our own field. This is to be done by calling upon the resources in men and money of the stronger churches.

Permeating the three day conference was the spirit of the devotional talks given by Nzakimwena, the visiting speaker from our sister mission the British Baptist Missionary Society. His theme taken from Paul's statement that we are "co-workers *with* Christ" was exemplified by his own contribution to the discussions. The Congo church, not just one mission, one tribal or racial group, faces common problems. These would seem

overwhelming except for the fact that we face them not only as a united group but as coworkers *with* Christ.

SIX WEEKS IN THE DISTRICT

EDWIN BOONE

THE Evangelistic missionary can always finds plenty of work to be done on the station but the heart of his work is in the district where he visits the various churches and even villages. With this in mind our first trip into the Sona Bata district this year was one which took us to the far southern end of our field over a period of six weeks of time.

We left the station on the 28th of December not to return until the 8th of February. The first week was spent in a central location where we asked the church school teachers to come for a training institute. During this time we worked with the boys and girls who had been graduated from Central School in November and who will be our teachers for this year in our church schools.

For some time we have felt a great need for a revival in the Sona Bata field. So plans were made to have a series of meetings in each church. The first plan was to have a week of meetings in each church but since there are actually fifty churches and another place where our people gather together to worship at a company post that would be impossible since here in Congo too there are but fifty two weeks in a year. However, we started with the most needy churches and spent a week with each one.

One of our pastors went to be the Evangelist. Each morning we had a worship service at six o'clock. He usually brought the message. Then after breakfast we went to villages where we held services. Sometimes the Evangelist preached, sometimes the missionary did, and in some villages they both did. Again in the evening, back at the church center, we had an evangelistic service in the church house or out by a big fire. The Evangelist brought heart warming messages to the crowds gathered to hear the Word.

In these series of meetings we had two things in mind—seeking and winning the lost and bringing back to their first love those who had strayed again into sin and been disciplined from the church. In each village the invitation was given for the lost to accept Christ. Those who raised their hands gave their names and came later to talk to the pastor and evangelist and to receive their followers' cards. They will be enrolled in a class of training for one year and then can be questioned for baptism. Then a plea was made for those out of fellowship to "stand up and return to their Father." Many showed their desires to return to church fellowship. They went to the church center and were present for the service that night and after the service the church met to hear the stories of these and to decide if they should be received again into church fellowship. Many were received but others were sent back to their villages to bring back their fetishes to be destroyed; others were sent back to straighten out their marriages; and still others for other reasons. But in it all there was a concern on the part of the people who came and also on the part of his brothers and sisters in Christ who met with him to try to help him.

On Friday the followers were questioned and on Saturday those who passed were baptized. Saturday was a busy day. There was the six o'clock service and then because many people came from nearby villages to the church center there was another service at nine thirty. At two o'clock there was a short service when candidates for baptism were received by the church. Then the day was closed with the evening service. In between meetings durings the day each church member came with his card to have his gifts, for the past year checked.

The *Matondo*—a thanksgiving meeting—is the big meeting of the church year. People come in large numbers from far and near to take part in this service where we sing, pray, give our gifts which are used for Home Mission work throughout the Sona Bata field, have marriages and baby dedication, give the hand of fellowship to new members and receive back those who have been accepted for church membership again, have a message from the Word, and gather as brothers and sisters in Christ as His guests at His Table. This service may last from nine thirty in the morning on until as late

as two in the afternoon. After a time to rest Sunday afternoon we make ready to move on to another church on Monday morning.

As a result of the six weeks in the district—five of which were spent in many different churches we reaped the following results: 81 returned to church fellowship. Three others were accepted but because of illness were not present on Sunday to be received. Fifty nine professed their faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. In many of the churches the church members were encouraged and strengthened.

Since this first trip we have had to cut the time given to each church to one half week only. This means that we are not able to get into as many villages but nevertheless we are depending upon the Holy Spirit of God to continue to do His work in the hearts and lives of these Congolese who are seeking and depending upon you and us to help them to find that which Jesus Christ alone can give—Everlasting Life.

I. M. E.

GLEN AND JEANNETTE TUTTLE

I. M. E. Just to see the letters one wonders what they mean. In fact the hospital at Kimpese is referred to more often by the name of Ime (one word, with the latin pronunciation) than by any other connotation. In a land where this tends to be true of most organizations where there is more than one person involved, we are anxious that I.M.E. does not lose the individual significance of each letter. While we were in Minneaplolis, someone mentioned a firm in Leopoldville which was serving as an agent for a light plant. Our minds went blank when informed that the firm was known as *Chantier Naval et Industriel du Congo* until we suddenly realized that it is the well known place called CHANIC.

Now, what does I.M.E. stand for? It is *Institut Medical Evangelique*, or in good English, Evangelical Medical Institute and still for a better explanatory name, The Protestant Medical Center of

the Lower Congo. While we do not as yet have either the equipment or the personnel to be rightly called by any of these names as understood in America, we do have the nucleus of something which has not before been attempted by Protestant Missions in Congo and which we expect to grow year by year. Is it too much to envisage that in time it may develop into a full-fledged medical school as a part of a Congo University? With the various schools at E.P.I. right beside us training pastors and teachers, we do not think so.

Some of you have heard us tell of the thrilling experiences which have been ours through the years in following God's leading in regard to the medical training of the Africans that they might go out to evangelize. Just as surely as He has closed one door He has opened another until we have now arrived at our present stage of development. With so many demands upon our Missions it is a miracle within itself to have five of them thinking along the same lines at the same time and all of them financially able to act. With Mission Boards in three different countries, it has also taken a volume of correspondance to formulate the necessary agreements. Our prayer formerly was in regard to this, "Lord, show us Thy will", but when avenues were opened wide to go ahead faster than we could ever have anticipated, an addition was made to this special prayer, "and give us the faith and the courage to follow." We are still praying that prayer and the things which have already been done at I.M.E. are not the result of what any person has done but of the many united prayers and the support of christians in many countries.

The five co-operating Missions now each have a member designated to the I.M.E. staff. We are most happy to introduce them to you. Meet Dr. and Mrs. Price of the British Baptist Mission (Mrs. Price is also a nurse); Miss Klintemo, a nurse, of the Covenant Mission of Sweden (she has acquired the English language since coming to I.M.E. and the British and the Americans vie with one another as to whose pronunciation she should follow); Miss Hess, a nurse, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance; Miss Davis, a laboratory and x-ray technician of the Diciples of Christ Mission (the two latter are now studying in Belgium and we are

counting the days until they arrive); Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, our builder and his wife from England, who are keen missionaries and who have been a whiz at getting the buildings up; Glyn Edwards, their grown son, who is working in the orthopedic department preparing splints etc.; and your two writers of the A.B.F.M.S.

By the time this article goes to press the student family will be complete, the last class now being in the process of moving from Sona Bata to Kimpese. Our student body this year consists of 55 men in the school of Nursing, many of them married with families, and 10 single girls plus four wives of nurses training as midwives. Our hopes are high for each of these as they are a carefully chosen group. May they truly grow in medical skill and especially in christian experience that they go back to their own churches as strong, outstanding, zealous workers for Him.

There are now about 100 beds installed in the hospital and they are nearly always full. The out-patient departement is overflowing its walls and we are finding people even sleeping out in the grass under the stars. A resume of the building program was made recently and it was found that there are now more than 75 permanent buildings already up, these ranging greatly in size. At the moment you would find Mr. Edwards and his men with a half dozen more buildings under construction. Some of the workmen are enquirers and several have come recently to Mr. Edwards requesting to buy New Testaments.

June fifth has been set for the dedication and the official opening of the Institute. Perhaps we can tell you about that in the next letter. In the meantime here are some definite things to put on your prayer list:

1. Pray for Miss Hess and Miss Davis in Belgium as they complete the difficult course in Tropical Medicine and take their final examinations.

2. Pray that another doctor may be called of God for I.M.E. and that he may answer that call.

3. Pray that a replacement may be found for our present pastor and hospital chaplain who is returning soon to his church in Angola.

TWO YEARS OLD, GOING ON THREE

SUSIE AND LEWIS BROWN

NOW isn't that a fascinating age, no matter how you look at it? You count off all those months, since birth, one by one and even while the sleepless nights and anxious days and hours of perplexity may still be very vivid memories, it is as nothing compared with the joy of watching the growth and development of a new life. I'm thinking just now of our new mission institution, the *Institut Biblique*, and how like the experiences of birth and early growth ours have been. It was the first week in February 1951, that we started the first classes, so now we have passed *our* two-year old milestone. There were finally six families who went through the first two years with us. To them go the laurels for enduring the rigors of the beginnings. Five more families came to push out our borders a little farther in January, '52 They too, for varying periods, had to live in an assortment of make-shift houses and we held classes in a garage, or on a porch until the assembly room was far enough along to give us a second classroom. Now, "going on three", we delight in a still greater growth. Twelve new students have joined us this year, representing each of our stations, the only exception being the urban center at Leopoldville. With their families, we have a community of sixty-eight. We feel, sometimes, "oh, so-o big".

Not one family is now having to sleep under a leaky, dirty grass roof and the second classroom unit is only waiting for aluminum roofing to arrive to put on the finishing touches. On Monday, next, we can move into the large office room as a third classroom. Even though the first class was graduated last November with only a two-year certificate, having come as older men and without enough scholastic background to get too much out of a more advanced, difficiult third year, we still find ourselves with three groups in some subjects. Hence, we commandeer the office.

Buildings and equipment are so necessary but the *who* and

how tell the real story. What do you look for with the two-to-three year old? Sturdy on his feet? A growing and understandable vocabulary? By some standards, we are assured that God has been blessing and leading. It is constantly a temptation to expect too much. But when we have evidence that they know the Spirit of God is working in their lives, we can afford to be patient for them to grow unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, for we too need to grow thereunto. The entering class always finds it difficult at first to adjust themselves to the different, more mature approach to Bible study. So it did not surprise us any when one of the young men this year asked to have a conference with us. But it was not the simple matter of encouragement to work and pray and persevere. He told us how an acquaintance had persuaded him to take something that would help him to succeed. He had paid for it secretly and hidden it. Now, he realized that his fetish and his effort to be a servant of Jesus Christ were in complete discord. He put into our hands two miserable little sticks of wood. That was all, but what a tool of the devil to keep him in darkness and fear. Quite enough to ruin his peace and trust in God. Any wonder that he has been doing better work in class? Just today, our assistant told me of visiting the wife of this student in the hospital and of finding her reading the Bible. Very natural and right, you say. But listen, she was illiterate when they came to us last January. Incentive and dogged determination conquer the habits of mental lethargy even for these adult women. One young man and his wife come from a church that was just started before we left Vanga for furlough in '39. It was among a people so completely untouched by the Gospel, and who spoke a dialect markedly different from our others. He is an intelligent, earnest young man and she is a quiet sweet young wife and mother. *Literate* too. But, oh, my, what a time she has twisting her tongue around the unfamiliar Kikongo words. This, our I.B. family and ouselves, as well, look forward to the day when they can go out bearing an effective witness by Spirit-filled lives and Spirit-touched lips to the wonder working grace of the Lord Jesus. In a peculiar sense, Africa needs right now the ministry of her own, sons, who, thoroughly grounded in the Word of God can stand against the

onslaught of every destructive "ism". That is in the future but while here they are telling the Good News. Evangelistic teams go regularly to villages near us where there are no teachers. Two such have recently requested a special service to burn their fetishes. The men of the second year conduct classes each week for enquirers among the school boys and girls here on the station. One week a cold rain prevented the class, but rather than omitting it altogether, they came and asked especially if they might have it another evening. More and more, may they know the love of Christ that constrains them, and us.

JUST AN ORDINARY DAY

VIOLA L. SMITH

THE 5:30 rising bell says hurry, and we do! By 5:55 we are at our place at the chapel organ and by six o'clock the seats are filled and the opening hymn is being sung.

The period from 6:30 until 7:45 is a merry-go-round beginning with a quick check of each classroom in the girls' school to make sure that the teachers are all on the job; then a dash to the office to get the office boy started.

Breakfast is a hectic time with "Papa" hurrying home to finish eating before time for the mornong broadcast, and "Mama" trailing along behind. Too often we fail to make contact with the other Kwango stations, but it is always worth a try. Time and again the contact has made it possible to transmit important messages.

How thankful we are for having put so much time into *Mbemba's* training when he came as a wild little boy from the *Bayaka* country. Now we can translate recipes for him with reasonable assurance that he will have somthing on the table for us at meal times. Without him this missionary would be only half a missionary. The noon menu is planned at this time.

Family worship also has its place in this morning period. The fact that we are so busy makes it the more imperative that we have this time at the feet of the One upon whom we are dependent for strength for the day's tasks.

Seven forty-five finds us back at school for a conference with one of the teachers before the eight o'clock classes begin. One of the boys must be expelled. Always a difficult task, this time it was made more difficult because the teacher had erred, too. Somehow we had to expel the boy without making the teacher lose face ! But by 8 : 15 a tearful lad holds in his hands a letter to the pastor into whose care he has been committed.

By this time, both the window and the door are blocked by waiting groups at the office. Four boys from Kinkosi hold out medical passports to prove that they are not too old for school, a recent government ruling having suddenly terminated the schooling of older boys. After much searching through school records from previous years, a letter is written to the Kinkosi pastor telling him into which grade each may enter.

Behind the Kinkosi boys stands Mikinda, waiting for money with which to buy the school food. But first his books must be checked, and that takes time, for more than a hundred village women bring manioc bread to sell, and each sale is recorded.

Mikinda is still waiting as Ngie comes in for more carboard to bind the agricultural text books we are mimeographing .... and Ngamvula comes for help as he pinch-hits for the fourth year teacher who is ill. But at last Mikinda's books are checked and he goes away with the money. The missionary can now go over to the first grade class-room where she can observe the teacher's work and the pupils' progress at the same time she checks the records and lesson plans. But it is not an uninterrupted task; even in the class-room the ubiquitous bearer of a note seeks us out. They have run out of soap at the hospital! So we leave the class-room and hike about a block up the road to the store-room where five cases of soap are soon sent on their way.

Return to the class-room is just in time to rescue little nursemaid Lukengo whose orphan baby has followed her to school.. just like Mary's little lamb. Each of our orphan babies has a lit-

tle nursemaid, but during school hours the babies are supposed to be in the Nursery School. So with the baby under one arm we walk over to the Nursery School. And since we are there, it is a good time to check on the cleanliness of the girls' dormitories and dining hall.

We're almost late for the French class with a special group of students preparing for higher training as teachers, pastors and medical workers. Before we know it the noon bell has rung. We should be on our way home, but Ngamvula begs to have a look in the Niles' office for his French book. So out comes the chain of keys, and the Niles equally full chain of keys is taken from the locked filing cabinet. A hurried trip to the Niles' home (closed while they are studying language at Boko) does not reveal the French book!

A late dinner doesn't leave much time for "siesta" before the 1:45 bell calls us back to school. Once more there is a line-up at the office door. Fwambi wants a program and text books for his village school. Kimba brings a letter from his father who does not want him to run around loose and asks that we take care of him. So we write a letter to the pastor of his area, asking that he be given a trial as a village teacher. During all of these conferences girls come in one by one to have their sewing checked. Little Luyinda comes in burning with fever to get a note to the hospital.

Then it is time for a conference with Kumbi, the teacher whose class was visited in the morning. Each conference is closed with a time of prayer as we bring students before the Master, never forgetting that we fail in our task if we fail to bring them into a personal experience of His saving Power.

A visit to one of the girls' classes is next. We arrive during the Bible lesson. Poor Luwesi is having a hard time keeping them awake at this time of a hot afternoon. But he is adroit; the lesson is about Sarah. The teacher knows the terror in every feminine heart of Congo of the curse of sterility. What a wonderful story is that of Sarah and her son Isaac !

The five o'clock bell has rung .... visions of a refreshing bath cheer us on our way! But no, not yet. The dining-room furniture is scattered over the kitchen and living-room in pre-

paration for varnishing the linoleum. We had hoped to find the linoleum scrubbed and ready, But that was hoping for too much. After all, we have only recently graduated from a mud house to a "real" one, so it was hardly to be expected that the boy designated to scrubbing would understand how to do it, in spite of the demonstration I had given at noon. So down on our knees for another demonstration.

Supper with Agnes Anderson ..... yum my corn fritters!

Evening prayer service at the Browns as we continue our daily prayer for revival and for the sorely needed missionary reinforcements.

Home again by 7:15 to spend another half hour on hands and knees in final preparation for the varnishing. Kabaka wants to earn some extra money, so he will work at varnishing in the evening.

Only one more job before "lights out" .... and that is to type the language examinations for the Niles and the Uhlingers who are busy cramming for their fourth and final language examination! And it's a humdinger!

And so ends a very ordinary day.... this fourth of February 1953.

COUNT ON ME, LORD

I'll be one to seek one,
I'll be one to pray,
I'll be one to find one,
One who went astray,
I'll be one to lead one,
From sin to victory;
I'll be one dear Jesus,
To win one soul for Thee,

KIKONGO'S LAYMEN'S RETREATS

BERNICE NILES

ALL at Kikongo are rejoicing over the successful Laymen's retreats held, one on each side of the Wamba River during the month of March. One hundred and fifty-one people were registered at one and two hundred and three at the other. In each case the retreat was held at the largest church center in the area and people came from other churches as well. The meetings lasted from Tuesday morning until Friday evening with a full program each day.

The day began at 6:00 with the regular morning chapel service attended also by the school children of the local church boarding school. Then at 6:30 there followed a demonstration of a Family Alter service helping the people to understand how they might use the little devotional booklet, "*Vuvu Kieto*, (Our Faith) for family worship. A pause for breakfast, then at 8 o' clock they gathered together again. The first period was a study hour in which everyone tried to learn the first of the requirements for the Certificate of Christian Growth, the Creation story. It was interesting how hard many had to work to get the order of events just right, but they concentrated each day and at the end of the week many had been successful. One day during recess one of the women was seen with a group of other women around her who had come too late for this study period. She was having a small class of her own to make sure that they didn't fall behind.

The next hour was given over to a study of the book of Romans. At this time they tried to find out just what this epistle had to say about Jesus Christ, Sin, and Salvation. Following this was a class in personal evangelism led by one of the native Pastors. Here they wrestled with such problems as "what can we do when people whom we invite to church say that they prefer their fetishes?"

After the noon rest period the afternoon sessions included a *résumé* of the life of Christ, and a discussion period of problems faced by the local churches. From 4 o'clock to 5 was a recreation

period with an introduction to the game of volley ball. Each evening a program of colored slides was enjoyed by all.

The entire program was directed by missionary, Donald Niles, assisted by three pastors.

Out of these busy days together some interesting decisions were reached. From the study of the boyhood of Jesus came the statement, "God must have given Jesus to Mary and Joseph because they were righteous and worthy to raise Him in the right way. We too, as Christian parents must be worthy of our children. We must be especially careful not to let our daughters marry just anyone but to seek for them Christians who will be faithful to them."

From a discussion of church problems: "We might choose seven Christians in a village and send one each day to invite a diliquent Christian to morning prayers. That way he would surely realize that we really want him to be one of us."

Because of the ever present problem of fetishes some said, "We want the state to force everyone to give up their fetishes and to drive out the witch doctors," but others realized that fetishes will go, not through the passing of a law, but only when replaced by the dwelling of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of men. "We must try to win the elders," they said, "because they are the ones who stick to the old ways and force others to follow them."

During the meetings there were several instances of spontaneous testimony. One man rose to say that he had been "outside the Church", i. e. on discipline, for some time because he had taken a second wife. Now he wanted to get right with the Lord and would put away his second wife. Another time a woman confessed that although she had an inquirer's card she hadn't been coming to church or seeking baptism. Now she wanted the blood of Christ to cleanse her from sin.

At the close of the second retreat old chief Mudikisi of the village where the meeting was held brought his fetishes to be burned. He had been a strong enough Christian in his youth to experience imprisonment for his faith but he had long since fallen by the wayside. He announced that he would give up his fetishes and straighten out his life. At his example several others

brought theirs as well. After the fetishes were burned a charge was given to the chief and the others to stand faithful to their promises. The meeting closed with prayer that God would give to all the courage to live lives that would draw others to Christ.

We shall never really know just what was accomplished through these retreats. We trust that many Christians were strengthened in their faith and were made to realize their responsibility to witness for Christ. We pray that many non-Chrsitians were brought face to face with the Savior and made a decision for Him.

We have been encouraged to hear that in the few weeks since the meetings old chief Mudikisi has been faithful in his attendance at morning prayers, and that attendance has increased noticeably in his village.

Will you join us in prayer for our people who need so much more of this type of encouragement and inspiration? Pray that what they lack in Christian teaching may be made up for by a childlike faith and by the presence of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

Doris Wiseman

AS I sat in our lovely prayer retreat in the cool of the morning trying to sum up in my own thinking the significance of our Moanza 'World Day of Prayer', I could not help but think how different it was from yours at home. Essentially missionary work is the same today as it was when the first great foreign missionary said, "I am become all things to all men, that, by any and by all means, I may save some." (I Cor. 9:22). For you the'World Day of Prayer' meant the stillness and the silence of the Presence of God as devout christians bowed in prayer for a lost and turbulent world. For us it meant another opportunity to bare testimony to the saving grace of Christ to that lost world. You would have had to have been here to fully realize what a difference that made in the service!

This year the program came in English instead of Kikongo as in former years. That meant giving two days to translating, mimeographing, and sending it to all of our out-stations in time for them to join with us all in the fellowship of this day of prayer.

For weeks we had been telling the market women who came in to sell manioc that on that day they must stay over and pray with us. Before six o'clock in the morning they began comming, each with from 40 to 60 pounds of manioc on her back. By ten o' clock there were some 120 of them and we were beginning to wonder what we would do with all the manioc. It wasn't just our christians who came, but Catholics and pagens as well; a noisy, dirty eager crowd of half-dressed women all talking at once, and all crowding to get the best seats in the church. It seemed as though each woman had a baby, and that each baby cried at some time during the service. Side by side with them sat the 80 school girls and the beautifully dressed, clean station women and village christians who had come to pray with you women round the world. The station women had prepared the program well. Each took her part with dignity and poise dispite the crying of the babies, and the constant buzz of those who weren't used to the silences of God's House. The service was in Kikongo, the language of the schools, and the uneducated village women didn't understand very well. In the midst of the service, all unannounced, one village woman felt the urge to pray, and stood and prayed in her own dialect as the Spirit moved her. We liked that.

After the formal service was finished, Mama Naomi, our pastor's wife having decided that this was the most opportune time to reach the village women who don't go to church but only to market, gave them a lovely Bible lesson in their own dialect At last they were quiet and listened. Dorothy followed that with a Hygiene lesson on how to prepare for the coming of their new babies.

Was it worthwhile, we ask ourselves? Would it have been better to have invited only the well trained christians to a quiet time of prayer? We would have enjoyed it more, it is true, but would that have been 'becomming all things to all men ?' One

other question, what were the results? We don't know, but we read in God's Word, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Our task is to scatter, His to give the increase. May it all be to His honor and glory!

Your missionaries often long for the solemn stillness of the great Cathedrals, the pealing organs, and the Word of God in their own tongue, but the fields are still white unto harvest! They are one with Him who 'when he saw the crowds had compassion on them because they were distressed and fainting, like sheep without a shepherd'. As they swing the sickle, they rejoice in the privilege of becomming 'All things to all men' for they lift their eyes to Him who is foremost among the laborers.

THEY WAIT FOR LIGHT

LUETTA OSTERHOLM

THE Christmas season and the New Year have come and gone. As we face the year before us we realize it must be, as the one just past, in strength beyond our own. The success or failure in the work ahead depends on you also — your prayers, gifts, and work.

As the school children returned from vacation they came singing the hymns they have learned in church and school. Their voices can be heard along the village paths, through the forest, and in the canoes as they cross the river. However, this year, in a number of cases, singing was turned to tears as they were told there was no room for them. No room because we have no builder to oversee the work of erecting class rooms, and dormitories, and because there are not enough missionaries to supervise the school work.

The evangelistic work, too, must suffer. With one missionary spending from two to three weeks of each month in the district (while his wife works from eight to ten hours a day on the station)

it is still not possible to visit more than once or twice a year all of the church centers, not to mention the hundreds of villages that never see a missionary.

This morning as I listened to the children in Junior Church singing at the top of their voices, and heard them pray and recite Bible verses; as my thoughts traveled out to the thousands in this land who have never heard the Gospel, there came to my mind the scripture verses I have used many times at home: "We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness" (Isa 59:9) "I have set thee a watchman.... if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (Ezekiel 33:7, 8)

Not all are called to the mission field, but *each* child of God *must* do his part in the work of winning souls to Christ; by giving that others may be sent, or by whatever work his hands find to do, and in prayer.

Will the blood of any be required at your hand because you have fallen short in what the Lord would have you do or give?

STAY —AT— HOME— LEOPOLDVILLE

PHYLLIS L. BENNER

(*Continued from January issue*)

ON November the 9th the whole game began over again at Leopoldville, or perhaps we should say that we went into the second round. The Armstrongs went down to Banza Manteke to examine the schools there, and Leopoldville was left with its one stay-at-home. The previous round had left us in a weakened condition, and the brightest part of the future was that it could only be for three weeks.

Tuesday, the 11th, was a hot day. After standing in the sun for about an hour for the Armistice Day ceremonies, we all went home with headaches. Unfortunately, the next day the headache

had increased rather than disappeared. With great reluctance I went off to school. By noontime I thought I was in for a bout of malaria, and took quinine. But by three-thirty I knew it was something else, And I also knew I couldn't stand up any more. So I left the reports in the typewriter, my fountain pen uncapped on the desk — as I found out later — and went home.

Phyllis Thompson was out at the baby clinic that afternoon. She saw I had left, and thought that something was wrong. Later in the afternoon, when she got back home, she came in to see what had happened. And sent for the doctor.

We all thought of polio, for less than two weeks before one of our number at the mission book shop had died of polio. His illness had begun the same way with a sore throat, bad headache, and fever. It turned out to be what is being called "false polio", but it gave us some bad worries for a few days.

What days those were at Leopoldville. The people took over what parts of my work they could. Some of the other still "sits". That night we sent for the pastor, Jean Lubikulu, to come in and get the keys and directions for going on in school and church and dispensary. The message arrived just after prayer meeting and he came rushing in, looking wild-eyed. He had left a horde of people waiting to hear what had happened.

Then we entered into a series of days which remain as a nightmare in our memory. That weekend the teachers and workers had to be paid, but I could hardly sit up. By the weekend we had decided that the school boys didn't have to sleep in the house any more, that I could probably fend for myself. It rained that night. And the roof — which is rich in leaks — developped a new one, right over my bed. That was the crowning insult.

Every day the pastor and teachers came in to see how I was. We couldn't talk much about work. I had no brains. Food was a problem, for I had no ideas, no way of telling the school boy in the kitchen what to do. And he seemed to know his work less and less. After a week I began to struggle out to *Belge* part of each day. I had to. Exams began and we had to get ready for graduation and Christmas.

I finally got a letter down to Banza Manteke saying what had

happened and apologizing for not forwarding their mail sooner. The next day I got a letter asking what had happened, but by that time I knew my letter must be there.

Those were days of trouble for us all. For the leader was down. Against her will. We were thankful that the inspections were over before this happened, but that was really very small comfort. What bothered us was the future. I consoled myself by making long lists and doing things by proxy. Because I couldn't be with them to examine candidates the church had very few to baptize at Christmas. The reports were late and mistakes were found later when the inspector wrote the report up for the government. The book store stock has not yet been checked. No new programs were possible for the school year. Too little control was exercised on final marks and those allowed to pass. The dispensary got too low on medicines.

Before Graduation and Christmas the Armstrongs were home again with us. The burden has eased some. But not much. Many questions have come back to haunt us. How can a growing city work be properly taken care of with the present staff? The school population this year is about 700. We have increased by a hundred. If it was hard for one person last year, what will it be this year? Soon we shall be building our new school building, and then enlarging the church and dispensary to occupy much of the present school. One person can't do it all.

The Church got an answer to the letter they wrote asking for more missionaries. "None are available now." Then the question remains, "What will happen to our city work at Leopoldville?" We hear that question every day, and our usual answer is that it is up to the people themselves to carry the load." It puts them on their mettle, and it is partly true, but it isn't enough. Our responsibility still remains.

What will happen to our city work at Leopoldville?

What will happen to our Christian witness in the capital city of the Belgian Congo?

"DOORS OPENING INTO A NEW WORLD"

V. L. SMITH

THAT's what books are! For those of us who had to teach school during the long war years when the pitifully meager supply of books in the dialect went out of print and there was no paper with which to print new ones, the appearance of several new books in the Kikongo language in one year is sheer luxury, and brings unmitigated joy.

Among the newcomers is a "Pastors' Manual" which should be of great value to the Congolese pastors, many of whom carry on their work in isolated areas with no library, public or private, upon which they can draw for help, and the missionary too far away to give counsel.

The kiddies will have a delightful, well illustrated, "First Year of Arithmetic" when they enter school.

The women and girls can now be introduced to new methods of caring for the health of their families by "The Talking Woman", a series of tales told thru the voice of a recently enlightened African woman.

The emphasis on the Family Altar will be greatly implemented by the use of "Our Faith," of which the first of two volumes is off the press.

The song loving Africans will greet with joy the new collection of songs for school use, printed in the tonic sol-fa under the title "We Sing".

The variety of subjects covered by this years' literary endeavors will give some idea of the wide range of activities in which the missionaries are engaged. The fact that literary work has to be done as an over and above job indicates how great the need is for Christian literature in the dialect.

The coming year holds promise of new text books in Agriculture, The Second Year of Bible Lessons for the village schools, Conduct stories, the reprint of a geography book about Eskimos and Laubach literacy lessons for Adult illiterates in other languages than the Kikongo.

With the splendid facilities of L.E.C.O. at our disposal, there is every reason to hope that the future will open many new doors into the bright new world of books for Congo.

MOANZA NEWS ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Bubeck have just returned from a six weeks tour of the district. Visiting most of our Moanza posts, examining candidates for baptism and checking up on regional and village schools as well as the church work, kept them more than busy. Nearly six hundred have been baptised with two churches yet to be visited.

A combined excursion and Gospel Team trip was undertaken the last of March when Dorothy and Doris Wiseman took 65 school girls for an overnight hike to Lake Ngombe, some 15 kilometers distance. There wasn't an inch of floor space left in that State House that night! Returning Sunday Services were held in four villages with the girls taking active part.

Word arrived late that we could send another couple to Kimpese — hence the flying trip to Boko to get them on the truck, and a chance for a good visit with our collegues.

A small epidemic of Chicken Pox is keeping us busy at the hospital but with the arrival of vaccine we hope we have it under control.

The Bubecks will be leaving April 9th with a truck load of delegates for the Native Conference. Soon after their return we are expecting a medical visit from doctor Osterholm.

We are happy to report a large crowd and a fine spirit at both our Easter Sunrise Service and our regular Easter Morning Church Service. The church was beautifully decorated with plants and palm branches and lent a worshipful atmosphere. A visiting Catholic remarked; "Your people are certainly more joyous in your church!"

SONA BATA NEWS ITEMS

In January Mrs. Boone started classes on the station for women who did not know how to read. They have followed the Laubach method and have made much progress. One of the women has a son who is seven years old and in the second grade of school. One day she said with such happiness, "Now, I'm up with my son in reading. But I'm going to pass him pretty soon." There are classes in the morning for one group and again in the afternoon for another group. Some of the women are learning to sew and others to crochet.

On Wednesday after the observance of the Lord's Supper each month there is a women's meeting attended by the station women and by those from nearby villages. In the April meeting two of the new readers took part in the program. This was their first time to do anything in public. They rejoice to be able to so serve their Master.

Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle who have been at Sona Bata all of their missionary career moved to Kimpese in January. Dr. Tuttle is the head of the new Medical Institute carried on by five Protestant Missions.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Walker and Dr. Carrie Sprange are carrying on the work at Sona Bata. However, the first of June the Walkers along with their two children will move to Vanga where Dr. Walker will work during the furlough of Dr. A. C. Osterholm.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Freas are again returning to the field. After Dr. Freas' recent illness from polio, he is able to return. We expect them to arrive at Sona Bata about the middle of May.

The Easter Season at Sona Bata was a busy but highly spiritual time. The regular morning worship services through the week followed the life of Christ leading up to the Cross. On Good Friday we had a three hour service. Speakers for each of the Seven Sayings of Jesus on the Cross included the station pastor, an Assistant Pastor, teachers, nurses and missionaries. School children, the nurses and a trio of missionaries had musical numbers for each period of meditation.

The Easter service was held outside since many from near-by villages came. The nearly six hundred school children almost fill the church house so we knew that it would be impossible for all to be seated in the house for the service. During the service there were several hymns sung by various classes of the school.

Following the service the students were free to go to their villages for a two weeks vacation.

Each month the pastors throughout the Sona Bata field are supposed to send in a report of their work. Some are faithful about sending in their reports and others are like pastors at home at times — a bit slow or negligent about doing it. Out of a possible 150 reports for three months — one report per month from each of the 50 churches—we have received a total of 80 reports. These show that the pastors have visited 524 villages and held 901 services in them during January, February and March. Five thousand six hundred eighty three have gathered at the Lord's Table. Fifty seven have been received back into church fellowship after a period of discipline. This does not include the number so received during recent revival meetings. There are 3824 boys and girls enrolled in the village and church schools. This number does not include those in the seven Regional Schools and in the Central School on the station.

Gifts of the church members and followers as reported for this period amounted to francs 51,720 for the regular church work. In addition to this the churches which we have visited so far this year have given frs. 19, 106 for their Home Mission Projects. One might think that these gifts are very good; but they are not quite good enough for two reasons. First, they do not represent a tithe of the income of the people and secondly they are not sufficient to meet the obligations of the churches since the reports show that in this same period the churches spent francs 53,968 for the regular church work.

Progress is being made in the construction of the dormitories for the *Ecole Ménagère* (school for girls) on the station. The seven houses with cook houses for each should be completed by July.

OUR NEW RECRUITS

Nineteen missionaries are under appointment for Congo. That gives us courage to carry on because relief is in sight. They are in various stages of preparation:

IN BELGIUM — studying French, soon to sail for Congo:
Miss Madelyn Albrecht
Miss Virginia Nickerson, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. Arley Brown
Rev. and Mrs. Norman Riddle
Miss Virginia Hjerstedt

IN U.S. — preparing for an early sailing to Congo:
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Scott

IN U.S. — soon to sail for Belgium:
Miss Esther Greenmun, R.N.
Rev. and Mrs. Murray Sharp
Miss Margot Hakes
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Weaver
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Pearson

IN U.S. — finishing preparation:
Mr. and Mrs. James Clark. Miss Rhoda Nielson

* * * * *

Even these are not sufficient for the rapidly growing obligations of the Congo mission to the Church of Christ in Congo. The *opportunities* loom larger than ever before; the *challenge* is greater than ever before; The time may be short, so the *need* is more urgent for expanding the work. We need more missionaries now, so that in a shorter time we may become dispensible by training Congo leaders to take our places.

This is the list of immediate requirements in order of urgency

General Board	Women's Board
1 Mission Treasurer	1 Nurse
1 Office worker	1 Educational worker
1 Builder	
1 Evangelistic couple	
1 Doctor	
1 Educational couple	

Many more are needed to do the task. Will YOU come? Or find someone else?

WHAT TO PRAY FOR

1. The need for new workers. See page 29.
2. The need for Congolese who are consecrated to the Lord and to His work among their people.
3. The village pastors and Christians — that they may be strong in faith and witness.
4. The Christians and workers in urban centers, where temptation is so forceful; that they may seek strength in spriitual things by identifying themselves with the church and its activities.
5. The boys and girls in our schools — that they may see the Light and follow it through the future.
6. Buildings and equipment sufficient to care for the rapidly increasing numbers of boys and girls entering our schools.
7. With all this expansion, that there may be a corresponding expansion of things spiritual; that the foundation may be in Christ, for "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Ps. 127:1.

HIS CALL

I HEARD His call, "Come, follow!"
That was all.
My gold grew dim,
My soul went after Him,
I rose and followed:
That was all,
Who would not follow
If they heard Him call?

— WILLIAM R NEWELL

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See page 30 for those Studying in Belgium and Under Appointment.